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Reply to the Scots Answer, To the British

Vision. *k*

HAIL noble Lord of Parts immense,
Mighty in Language and profound in Sense;
How shall an humble Muse thy Glory raise,
And in her meaner Songs attempt thy Praise.

See in the Senate how th' Illustrious Throng,
Sit listning to the Musick of thy Tongue;
And when abroad thy weighty Lines are read,
What pop'lar Triumphs soon adorn thy Head;
Thy flowing Language and affecting Mein,
Moving in Phrase, in pointed Satyr keen
What floods of Tears from nobler Eyes it drew
When *Cesar's* Words as thus apply'd by you,
Were read by those the Story never knew;
Thus for thy Prose the Crowd thy Praise rehearse,
But who shall rate the VVonders of thy Verse;
For when thou stoop'st to Poesie and Rhime
Thy all incomprehensibly Sublime;
Spream in Thought, to Grammar unconfin'd;
Thy lofty Genius soars above the VVind.
So just the Numbers, so polite the Stile,
So clear the Sense, and so exact the Pile;
The wondring VVorld like Trees in *Orpheus* VVood;
Admire those Strains they never understood.

No wonder mighty Bard thus doubly Arm'd,
Thy two edg'd Tongue has all thy Foes allarm'd;
VVhole Squadrons by thy dreadful Language slain,
Under th' amazement of thy Sense remain;
And certain Conquest shall thy Force attend,
For all men fly what none can understand
In mighty Parable 'twas spoke
Crowd thy Oracles invoke;
Thy *Carmines* Eloquence,
The Language, thou alone the Sense,
At th' uncomprehending Age,
Abstrusest Meanings far engage.
The Prayers implicitly thought Good,
Thou never understood.